

INDIAN FIGHTERS IN LUZON

Western Veterans Now Helping to Put Down the Tagal Rebellion.

CHARACTERISTIC BRAVERY OF PLAINSMEN

Plucky Chaps Making New Records in the War with the "Little Brown Fellows" in Our New Possessions.

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Premising only that this is written at your request, I gladly send some particulars as to the men who, having long since won distinction in the bloody warfare waged with the Indians on our western frontier, sought service in the Philippines, and were with us at Manila.

Foremost of all stands Lawton—familiar to all in the '90s and '70s when our infantry and cavalry were scattered all over the territories, spending long months of every year in scouting and skirmishing with the nimble foe that ever faced a white man, and we youngsters used to discuss about the campaigns the merits of the men who seemed most conspicuous in this most perilous and trying service, there were regiments that seemed forever destined to be in the thickest of the fighting. The Seventh cavalry never knew what it was to have a restful summer—they were forever on the trail. The Fifth cavalry—my own regiment—fought Apaches from '71 to '75, Sioux and Cheyennes in '75, chased after Nez Perces in '77, the Banocks in '78, and "pitched battle" the Utes in '79. The Second cavalry was for long years pitted against the Northern Cheyennes, the Sioux, the Blackfeet and the Piegiens. The Third cav-

alry and coolness and were chosen by their superiors for most important duties, in some of which, as Crook expressed it, they "carried their lives in their hands," so that the columns or so to be given this sketch would be inadequate even for the names of the gallant lads who distinguished themselves in battle against the savage foe—too many, alas, who fell victims to a thankless warfare—a war of which we of the frontier force had everything to lose and practically nothing to gain.

But for a long time, several months at least, the Indian fighters of the old days had few representatives in Manila. Our tireless corps commander, Major General Gila, it is true, had once out-generaled Sitting Bull on the Yellowstone. Our first division commander, Major General Anderson, had had long experience against the Indians of western Texas, and along the Columbia. The little squadron of the Fourth cavalry was commanded at first by Sanford Kellogg with a fighting record from old Fifth cavalry days when he led his troop in every campaign of his regiment—Apache, Sioux, Cheyenne, Nez Perce and Ute—losing three fingers to supplement the scars of Chickamauga. Then Rucker succeeded and tried against the Filipino tactics he had learned in the Ninth "Brunettes" as effective against the Lipans and Kiowas on the stained plains. But the oldest cavalry captain on duty last winter in Manila was still wearing the cudgel gray when the Fourth fought its hardest Indian battle in November, '75, and gallant Jack McKinney went down leading their wild charge.

His Watch Was Shot Into Him.

The battalion of the Third artillery and the light batteries of the Sixth numbered among their officers in the Philippines one name, at least, as renowned for daring and devotion in Indian battle as it became for courage and ability in action against the insurgents in front of Manila—Harry Hawthorne—whose watch was shot into his system, driven by a Sioux bullet at the battle of Wounded Knee. Only two regi-

ments of the westward slope was full of burning Tagals and Lawton had only a squad of troopers to escort him.

A day or two after he rode the old line with me to "get acquainted," as he said, with the officers of the First brigade, and after we had reached Haystack Knoll and the earthworks in advance of Cemetery Heights, what did he do but dismount, stride the trenches and go stalking out over the rice fields straight toward a little height that had never been without its Filipino sharpshooters until our fellows got their Krags, and might still harbor a batch of them. He got over ground like a stag hound, with long, springy strides and, ordering a dozen Californians to follow and to "cover" the front as quickly as possible, I chased after him. He reached the top without turning a hair and proceeded to climb and stand erect on a big rock at the summit—a mark that could be seen for miles around. I got there "blown" and rebuked. After five minutes' survey he slid down and again strode away toward the ridge that spanned the horizon directly to the south. Only our scouting parties had crawled thither before.

Flying Bullets Did Not Scare Him.

Our Californians looked concerned at his utter neglect of all precaution, as I pushed them ahead on the run, but the trail was narrow and crooked, the underbrush thick and they could not rush ahead as fast as he could, even on unobstructed ground. Just as luck would have it, not a Filipino happened to be lurking along there that afternoon—yet every second I expected to hear the crack of a Mauser or the sudden rush from their lair of an armed party bent on our capture. Once at the top we could see clear over to Cavite, across the bay and the country toward Paranaque lay unfolded before our eyes. Even as we stood there, the mellow notes of a Filipino bugle came floating on the breeze from a clump of bamboo perhaps 2,000 yards away, and there lay the insurgent outposts and there we could begin to trace a long line of intrenchments, stretching away to the southwest across

cracked, but the North Dakotas had caught sight of us from their bivouac close to the river and had sent out a skirmish line to see what was up. Lawton commanded their watchfulness, designated points for their pickets to occupy on the ridge that night and sent them back to the Pasig two miles away to get their blankets and supper.

Twenty minutes later, all on a sudden, and not more than 1,300 yards away to the south, up popped a skirmish line of at least forty Filipinos, deployed facing us. They had been watching us evidently for some time, and, seeing that the Dakotas had disappeared, they boldly stood up in plain view. The immediate question was, Will they attack? Of course we knew that only a short distance behind them lay the insurgent camps in the shelter of the bamboo, and furthermore, that they could speedily summon a hundred to one. The little squad of Californians were still with us, crouching or sprawled along the crest, but Lawton stood erect, his long legs straddled wide, and calmly surveyed them through his glass. If only forty advanced we could probably stand off with our Krags' dozen—the sergeant and twelve men—while Mills, our scout, bravely ordered, galloped to the Dakotas for aid, but they didn't advance, they didn't even open fire. They merely wished us to understand, apparently, that we had better not come their way, and Lawton began to twitch in his eagerness for a fight.

Lawton Wanted to Fight.

One thing our corps commander especially had forbidden, and that was that we should bring on a battle while our force on the southeast line was so small. The regulars had all gone to the north to reinforce MacArthur just then, and only a thin line of volunteers interposed between Norrie's swarming camps and the walls of Manila.

"Good lord!" said Lawton, "what a pity we let those Dakotas go! If they were here now we could go down and clean those fellows out in five minutes. Do you think '—" and here he turned to me and then eyed the little squad of San Franciscoans.

It was more than half disposed to forget his major generalship, imagine himself a subaltern again, and lead our little dozen down to the attack. For a moment I thought the temptation might be too much for him as he put on a grin and expanded his sun-tanned face, but the veteran Indian fighter's "horse sense" presently rose superior to the trooper's lust for a fight, and with a sigh and more than one regretful backward glance, he remounted and we rode away.

And Johnny Filipino never seemed to know how easily he could have bagged a brace of silver stars that hot March day, and I was very glad he didn't. CHARLES KING, Brigadier General, U. S. V.

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IMPIETIES.

Mrs. Fijit—What is the noise in the next room?

The Housemaid—Oh, it's the parson rehearsing his sermon for tomorrow.

Mrs. Fijit—Oh, I see; practicing what he preaches.

On one occasion, relates the Chicago Times-Herald, a reporter took the following stenographic account, the accuracy of which is not questioned. Gesticulating wildly, as described, the preacher began on the favorite theme of magnifying the greatness of Jehovah.

"De Lawd made de heabene and de yearf, and de sea, an' all dat transmograpies de atmosphere."

"Listen to 'im; listen to 'im."

"But what do 'im mean? what do 'im mean? You don't know 'cause 'im ain't been lucified. I've been 'structed in de mathematics, an' I know."

"Yes, 'im do—'deed 'im do."

"Ef a strain of kyars could run a million years, wid steam up, dey would not reach de circumference lines of dis yearf, an' yet de ole moon climbs dem hills every night, and slides down de odder side jest as easy as a black snake 'mong de reeds, an' de moon doan 'quire no steam."

"Dat's a fact, brother; dat's a fact."

"Dis yearf is bigger'n dat, an' I might as well tell 'im 'fo 'im doan know how big it is. Hit is twenty-five million miles in diameter an' eight thousand miles across de beam."

"Hear dat, will 'im? hear dat, honey! Lord bless 'im!"

And thus the discourse continued, but after some weeks of an ineffectual effort to substantiate his deep learning and eloquence alone, the preacher left the county and abandoned the hope of building up a new congregation.

Another negro preacher on one occasion began his sermon as follows:

"Religion tinktutabulates all froo de systematical anatomy ob de human hart."

Then he went on to tell what he knew about the bible, mixing the Old and New Testaments ad libitum and having Christ and Moses preaching together in the streets of what he called Jeroushellim.

Smith, who lives on the West Side, Chicago, had his hair cut short. And as Smith had been wont to wear it rather long, the difference in his appearance is marvelous.

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8-9x10-6 Body Brussels	17.50	8-9x12 Moquette	19.50
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THE CALIFORNIANS CAME BURSTING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE UNDERBUSH.

ally were our predecessors in Arizona against the agile mountain Indians and our comrades against the hordes of Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, Gull and Rain-in-the-Face in '75. The Fourth, Sixth, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth had each a turn at the Apaches and Comanches of the southern plains, while the First for ten years was compelled to tackle almost unaided the tribes of the upper Pacific slope, and some of their troops were long engaged with the Apaches of Arizona. In the infantry, the Fifth under General Miles, the Third, Seventh, Ninth, Twelfth, Fourteenth, Twenty-first and Twenty-third occasionally engaged, and a battalion of the Fourth artillery fought heroically against the Modocs in ambuscade, losing most of its officers and many devoted men. We had famous fighters to lead us against the hostile tribes in Crook, Miles, Merritt and McKenzie, but there were younger soldiers who bore the grave responsibilities of active command of scout and battle through the Indian country and it was in them our interest as subalterns and contemporaries was mainly centered.

Names Were Household Words.

Their names were a little legion, to be sure, and I shrink from their mention now because there is room for only a few when so many were then "household words." Philo Clark of the Second, John Bourke of the Third, Lawton of the Fourth, Schuyler of the Fifth, Gatewood of the Sixth, Carling of the Seventh cavalry, Maus of the First infantry, Baldwin and Baird of the Fifth and "Jake" Randall of the Twenty-third infantry, were men who won honors in campaign after campaign, were renowned for

ments of regular infantry were with us when the Filipino war broke out—the Fourth, Tenth and Twenty-third—both famous as Indian fighters and but few of the men who led their stalwart detachments in old Arizona and Wyoming days remain with them. Death or other promotion had long since removed them from the rolls. Yet Ovenshine, now colonel of the Twenty-third and brigadier general of volunteers, was a captain in the fighting Fifth infantry in the days of its fiercest campaigns. Potter, major commanding the Fourteenth, was a graduate in frontier service with the Seventeenth infantry, and Murphy and McCammon had served a quarter century on the frontier with the Fourteenth.

Big Brave Lawton.

Then there was another, a veteran, who wore the chevrons of a sergeant in the company of engineers when it sailed in to help the squadron of the Fourth cavalry that hot day along the Pasig bluffs between Patanca and Paranaque. Quarter of a century ago he wore the yellow face of the same grade in Payne's troop of the Fifth cavalry—was the best shot in the regiment and won a name for coolness and bravery in many a fight. He looked not a day older in Manila than when he was hailed as "Faddy" Nihil of the Fifth Horse and who can say that the experience of the Indian campaigns were not of the utmost value when, as more than once happened, the Filipino rifles blazed at them from three sides at once?

And he, just as in the old days of the decade immediately succeeding the civil war, we now speak of Lawton among the Indian fighters at Manila as foremost and the only attribute he seems to have outgrown is caution. There he is, magnificently tall, athletic and muscular, gray as a badger, but alert as a terrier. His keen eyes have lost nothing of their fire and his stride nothing of its scope or elasticity. He can outwalk and outstride many a youngster even now and to say he is tireless puts it altogether too mildly. He came to my headquarters the day after his assignment to the command of the First division and we rode out to the lines together, he on a big black American horse and I on a little runt of a Filipino pony. The contrast was so funny the soldiers on guard could hardly keep from laughing; some of them didn't—after we had got a few rods away. The line had been selected when he had only a small force with which to hold it, but by the time Lawton arrived the Twentieth and Twenty-second infantry had been sent to reinforce us and the Fourth came with him, so he decided to push farther out to where a long and moderate ridge crossed the front from the Pasig toward Ovenshine's left. The Filipino camps, we knew, were not far over that ridge and their outposts could sweep it with their Mausers from a distance, while my volunteers with their hard-kicking Springfield could not reach them. The regulars, however, came with their long-range "Krag" and about the first thing Lawton did was to order the selection of a dozen crack shots from each company in the First brigade and for these he obtained our latest model of magazine rifle.

Lawton's Plucky Son.

This placed us on better terms with "the little brown man" and now Lawton was ready for an aggressive move. A most gifted correspondent of a great New York periodical closed a capital description of the general with the information that he was a bachelor, yet the first time Lawton reconnoitered that ridge a ship of the old block, a gallant little fellow in his early teens, followed his father's movements on a Filipino pony and took his baptism of fire from the insurgent Mausers far more coolly, I dare say, than did the devoted wife and mother three miles away in Manila the news that her boy had more than one close shave that afternoon. It was God's mercy that spared them both, for the under-

Ovenshine's front. Far to the west we could descry the stout little earthwork built by Hawthorne's gunners around a beautiful grove on the extreme right of my line, with the trenches stretching away to both flanks—Ovenshine's brigade manning those to his right—mine to his left—and then the Californians came bursting their way through the underbrush, hot, sweating and saying swear words sotto voce over the unwanted speed and difficulty of their push through the jungle. Lawton smiled grimly, but said nothing as we studied the ground through our field glasses.

Facing a Skirmish Line.

Then the horses were brought up by a belated orderly and, mounting, we rode out toward the bluffs overlooking the Delta of the Pasig and the picturesque towns on the islands below. The Californians were far from their base and couldn't keep up with Lawton's huge, black horse. My pony had to trot or lope and before long we were far from any supports, with only one orderly and two revolvers.

"Yonder's where they nearly shot my boy," said Lawton, placidly, after we had gone a mile, and that had happened when the slopes toward the river were dotted with the skirmishers of the Fourth cavalry.

All the line to the Pasig bluffs and back the way we came, not a Filipino rifle

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